POEMS

BY

Mrs. MARY CHANDLER.

[Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*]

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE DESCRIPTION OF BATH. A POEM.

Humbly Inſcribed

To Her Royal Highness the Princeſs Amelia.

By Mrs. Mary Chandler.

The Third Edition.

To which are added,

Several POEMS by the ſame Author.

LONDON:
Printed for James Leake, Bookſeller in *Bath.*
M.DCC.XXXVI.

THE

DISCRIPTION

OF

B A T H.

A

P O E M.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:
Printed for James Leake, Bookseller in Bath.
M.DCC.XXXVI.

TO

Mr. JOHN CHANDLER.

NOT having Vanity enough to think I write to the World, but only to the ſmall Circle of my Acquaintance, and thoſe of my Superiors, to whom I have the Honour to appear in a favourable Light, It would be impertinent in me to look out for a noble Patron to recommend my Trifles.

AND as good Senſe, Learning, Probity, and Taſte are the Accompliſhments that ren-

der

der a Man's Opinion in one's Favour a Recommendation; I ſhould be as much pleas'd with yours as with that of a Peer of England. *As it was you that firſt gave me Courage to appear abroad, you have a Right to this ſmall Collection; wrote at my Leiſure Hours for my own Amuſement, and to indulge a grateful Temper.*

I am far from aſſuming any Airs on Account of this mean Performance; but would rather chuſe to be taken Notice of as one that deals honeſtly in Trade, and behaves decently in the Relations of Life, than as a Writer. Since I am conſcious I have a better Right to the firſt, than the laſt Character.

AND my chief Motive for Printing now any Thing beſides the Third Edition of the Bath *Poem, was, to put an End to the troubleſome Employment of writing out Copies, without diſobliging my Friends.*

THOSE you have not ſeen, had been ſent for your Correction, could I have perſuaded myſelf

myſelf to have ingroſſed ſo much of your Time from your Attendance on the Sick, or from that Purſuit of uſeful Knowledge which renders you ſo much ſuperior to many in your own Profeſſion, and ſo much beloved by all that know you. But it becomes not me, who may be ſuſpected of Partiality, to ſpeak even the Truth of a Brother; for whom I have not only the tendereſt Affection, but the ſincereſt Eſteem.

THE CONTENTS.

Page

DESCRIPTION *of* Bath 1

To Dr. Oliver, *who corrected my* Bath *Poem* 21

A Letter to the Right Hon. the Lady Ruſſel. *Written at her Ladyſhip's Deſire on the Converſation at Breakfaſt* 24

To Mrs Boteler. *A Deſcription of her Garden* 28

A Poem *on the Princeſs* Amelia. *In Anſwer to* Damon, *who invited the Nymphs of* Bath *to ſing her Praiſe* 32

To the Reverend Doctor S——. *An Invitation to a Morning Walk in the Spring* 34

To the Rev. Mr. Sam. Chandler *on* Wiſdom 36

The Author's Epitaph 40

A Letter to Lady F ---. *From the other World* 42

To Mrs. Shales 48

The CONTENTS.

	Page
To Mrs. Stephens	51
A Song	57
To Mrs. Moor. *A Poem on Friendſhip; written in* 1729	60
On the Author's Recovery	63
The Author's Wiſh	65
To Miſs Moor. *On her* Fire-Screen	68
On Mr. B——'s *Garden. To Mrs.* S——.	70
To Mrs. Jacob, *On her Seat called the* Rocks *in* Glouceſterſhire	73
To Mrs. Ward	76

THE DESCRIPTION OF BATH. A POEM.

Humbly Inſcribed

To Her Royal Highness the Princeſs Amelia.

The Third Edition.

THE THIRD EDITION.

POEM

ON

BATH.

OR A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A Deſcription *of* BATH.

Humbly Inſcribed to Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs AMELIA.

AMELIA, beauteous PRINCESS, deign [to view
What the *Muſe* ſings: to YOU the [Song is due;
To YOU, in whom with Joy we ſee [combin'd
True *Royal* Greatneſs, and an *humble* [Mind.
Deign YOU, bright Maid, to hear my artleſs Lays;
You'll awe the ſnarling Critics into Praiſe.
If Goodneſs can this bold Addreſs forgive,
Nurs'd by your Smiles, my humble Rhymes ſhall [live.

To ſing the Town, where balmy Waters flow,
To which AMELIA's Health the Nations owe,
My Muſe aſpires; while conſcious Bluſhes riſe,
And her weak Pinions tremble, ere ſhe flies;
Till, drawing Vigour from thoſe living Springs,
She dares to raiſe her Voice, and ſtretch her Wings.
Not the fam'd Springs, which gave Poetic Fire,
Had nobler Virtues, or could more inſpire.
Too weak my Voice; but Great AMELIA's Name
Shall raiſe my Numbers, and defend my Fame.

LONG ere the *Roman* Eagle hither flew,
Ere *Albion's* Sons their pow'rful Virtues knew;
BRUTE's great Deſcendant rais'd them firſt to Fame,
And, from their Uſe, aſſign'd the Town its Name.
PALLAS he choſe Protectreſs of the Streams,
PALLAS the * City her Protectreſs claims;

* *The City of* BATH *is call'd in the* Britiſh *Language* Caer Palludar.

Thus

Thus He, who of Man's Fall divinely ſings,
Tells from old Records, wrote of *Gothic* Kings.
The *Romans* well this ancient Story knew,
MINERVA's Statues their Devotion drew;
Of curious Art her noble * *Buſt* appears,
Safe from the Ruin of a thouſand Years.
Theſe ſalutary Streams alone can boaſt
Their Virtues not in thrice five Ages loſt.
The floating Waters, from their hidden Source,
Thro' the ſame *Strata* keep unerring Courſe;
The flowing *Sulphur* meets diſſolving *Steel*,
And heat in *Combat*, till the Waters boil:
United then, enrich the healing Stream,
HEALTH to the *Sick* they give, and to the *Waters*,
[FAME.

THUS oft contending *Parties* rage and hate,
Malignant both, and puſh each other's Fate;

* *There is now an antique Buſt in the Town-hall of* BATH, *ſuppos'd to belong to a* Roman *Statue of* PALLAS.

At laſt, their Fury ſpent, and cloy'd with Blood,
They *join* in *Friendſhip* for the *Public Good*.

HITHER foul SCURVY, odious to the Sight;
And VAPOURS, which, in *ev'ry Form*, affright;
Sharp COLIC, groaning with a *Jaundice* Face;
White LEPROSY, of old *Egyptian* Race;
The ſhaking PALSY; RHEUMATISM lame;
And meager INDIGESTION pining came;
With many dreadful *Ails*, without a Name.

FATAL Effects of LUXURY and EASE!
We *drink* our POISON, and we *eat* DISEASE;
Indulge our SENSES at our REASON's Coſt,
Till *Senſe* is *Pain*, and *Reaſon's hurt*, or *loſt*.

NOT ſo, O TEMP'RANCE bland! when rul'd by [thee,
The *Brute's* obedient, and the *Man* is free:
Soft are his *Slumbers*, balmy is his *Reſt*,
His *Veins* not boiling from the *Midnight Feaſt*;

Touch'd

Touch'd by AURORA's roſy Hand, he wakes,
Peaceful and calm; and with the World partakes
The joyful Dawnings of returning Day,
For which their grateful Thanks the whole Creation
[pay!
All but the *human Brute*; 'Tis he alone
Whoſe Deeds of Darkneſs fly the riſing Sun.

'Tis to thy Rules, O TEMPERANCE! we owe
All Pleaſures which from *Health* and *Strength* can
[flow:
Vigour of *Body*, *Purity* of *Mind*,
Unclouded *Reaſon*, *Sentiments* refin'd,
Unmix'd, untainted Joys, without *Remorſe*,
Th' intemp'rate Sinner's never-failing Curſe.

OUR *Waters* waſh thoſe num'rous Ills away,
And grant the *trembling Wretch* a *longer Day*.
O may returning HEALTH more *Wiſdom* give!
Let *Death*'s Approaches teach us how to *live*.

If but *one* Leper cur'd, makes *Jordan's* Stream,
In Sacred Writ, a venerable Theme,
What *Honour's* to thy *ſov'reign Waters* due,
Where *Sick*, by *Thouſands*, do their *Health* re-[new?

The *Min'ral Steams* which from the Baths ariſe,
From *noxious Vapours* clear the *neighb'ring* Skies:
When Fevers bore an epidemic Sway,
Unpeopled Towns, ſwept Villages away;
While *Death* abroad dealt *Terror*, and *Deſpair*,
The *Plague* but *gently touch'd* within their Sphere.

Bleſt *Source of Health*, ſeated on *riſing Ground*,
With friendly Hills by Nature *guarded* round;
From *Eaſtern Blaſts*, and *ſultry South* ſecure;
The *Air's balſamic*, and the *Soil* is *pure*.

What *boundleſs Proſpects* from yon tow'ring [Height
Of *Hills*, and *Plains*, and *Vallies* ſtrike the Sight!

Towns,

Towns, Rivers, Villas, Flocks and *Herds* appear,
And all the various Products of the Year.
Thence view the *pendant Rock's* majeſtic Shade,
That ſpeaks the Ruins conqu'ring *Time* has made:
Whether the *Egg* was by the *Deluge* broke,
Or Nature ſince has felt ſome other Shock;
Ingenious BURNET, thine's a pleaſing Scheme,
A gay Deluſion, if it be a Dream.
The ſhatter'd *Rocks* and *Strata* ſeem to ſay,
Nature is *old*, and tends to her *Decay:*
Yet *lovely* in *Decay*, and *green* in *Age*,
Her Beauty laſts her, to her *lateſt Stage.*
Wiſdom immenſe contriv'd the wond'rous *Ball*,
And *Form* ſprung forth, obedient to his Call.
He fix'd her Date, and bid the *Planet* run
Her *annual* Race around the *central Sun:*
He bid the *Seaſons*, *Days*, and *Nights* return,
Till the pent Fires which at the *Center* burn,
Shall the *whole Globe* to one huge *Cinder* turn.

Then, like a *Phœnix*, ſhe again ſhall riſe,
And the *New World* be peopled from the *Skies*;
Then *Vice*, and all her Train of Ills ſhall ceaſe,
And *Truth* ſhall reign with *Righteouſneſs* and *Peace*.

SURROUNDED by the AVON's winding Streams,
Beneath the Hills, a peopled Iſland ſeems;
An antient *Abbey* in its Center ſtands,
The labour'd Work of ſuperſtitious Hands.
When *Holy Craft* ſupreme did guide the Helm,
And *Gothic Darkneſs* overſpread the Realm;
The *artful Prieſt* amaz'd the gaping Croud,
And *ſacred Truth* was veil'd in *myſtic* Cloud;
When *living Saints* for *true Devotion* bled;
And *Rites prophane* were offer'd to the *Dead*;
When *Idol Images* Devotion drew,
And *Idol Gods* were worſhipp'd as the *true*;
Witneſs yon *Front*; how impiouſly deſign'd
In *Stone* to repreſent th' *Eternal Mind*!

Witneſs

Witneſs the *Saints* and *Angels* on the *Wall!*
Deaf to their Vot'ries *Prayers*, and *ſilent* to their
[*Call.*
Welcome, fair LIBERTY, and LIGHT *divine!*
Yet *wider* ſpread your Wings, and brighter ſhine;
Dart *livelier* Beams on ev'ry *Britiſh* Soul,
And ſcatter *ſlaviſh Darkneſs* to the Pole.
Now for *pure Worſhip* is the *Church* deſign'd;
O that the Muſe cou'd ſay to *that* confin'd!
Ev'n there, by *meaning Looks*, and *cringing Bows*,
The *Female Idol* her *Adorer* knows!
Fly hence, *Prophane*, nor taint this Sacred Place;
Mock not thy GOD, to flatter CÆLIA's Face.
This Sacred Pile incloſes honour'd Duſt,
And pompous *Monuments* ſecure the Truſt:
There MONTAGUE, the Noble Prelate, lies,
With pious Hands up-lifted to the Skies:
A VIRGIN here enjoys eternal Fame,
Join'd on the Marble with Great DRYDEN's Name.

THE

THE ſpacious PORTICO demands my Song,
Where *Beaux*, and *Belles* appear, a ſhining Throng!
To take a *cordial Draught*, and *chear* the *Soul*,
Like HOMER's Gods, when *Nectar* crown'd the [Bowl.
Correct the Fabric, *ſimple*, *neat*, and *plain*,
Of *Parian*, nor *Ægyptian* Marble vain,
But *innocently white*, it's proud to ſhow,
In *neighb'ring Hills* what beauteous Pillars grow.

THE BATHS adjoining form two *ample Squares*,
Around the *Walls* the *Roman* Art appears;
Niches and *Arches* there the *Bathers* find,
A *Shelter* from the *Rain*, and bluſt'ring *Wind*.
BLADUD himſelf ſits *Guardian* of the *Streams*,
Whoſe noble Virtues give them * Royal Names.

† NOT far from hence, a *Bath* of *gentler* Heat,
The *tender Virgin* finds a ſafe *Retreat*

* *King and Queen's Bath.*
† *Croſs Bath.*

From

From *Sights* indecent, and from *Speeches* lewd,
Which dare not there, with *Satyr-Face*, intrude.
Juſt in the midſt a *Marble Croſs* there ſtands,
Which Popiſh Minds with pious Awe commands,
Devoid *itſelf* of *Pow'r* to heal our Woes,
Yet, deck'd with *monumental Crutches*, ſhows
What *mighty Cures* this wond'rous *Pool* has done,
And theſe the *Trophies* from *Diſeaſes* won.
The *Sailor* thus, on foaming Billows toſt,
His *Ship*, and *Ship-Mates* in the Tempeſt loſt,
Did ſome kind God's aſſiſting Pow'r implore,
And when, by Aid Divine, he reach'd the Shore,
Strait to the Temple of the God he flew,
His briny Coat he thought the Temple's Due:
And near the dropping Garment, on the Wall
He wrote, with grateful Praiſe, the moving Tale.

* Thro' yon high *arched Gate* on either Hand,
In comely Order, *Rows* of *Buildings* ſtand;

* *Weſt Gate.*

See *Squares*, and *Hoſpitals*, and *Temples* riſe,
From whence let *pure Devotion* pierce the Skies.
A *Fountain* flows, which *ſtately Walls* ſurround,
And *Palaces* o'erſpread the verdant Ground.
Where *Herds* were wont to drink the cooling [Spring,
And *Birds* on bending Branches us'd to ſing.

LEAVING the *Weſt*, I guide my View around,
And mark the *City*'s venerable *Bound*.
Where the Remains of many an hundred Year,
In rev'rend Ruins, on the Walls appear,
* A *Fury*'s *Head* with ſnaky Hair there ſtands;
Here *Hercules* th' attentive Eye demands;
And there a *Shepherd* and his *youthful Dame*;
Theſe Monuments, and more, are known to Fame.

HENCE view the *Grove*; it forms a verdant [*Square*,
See the Trees wanton in the Eaſtern Air;

* *See* Guydot's *Tranſlation of the Antiquities of* Bath.

Aurora

Aurora gilds them with a temp'rate Ray,
And *lofty Buildings* ſhade in Noon of Day.
An *Obelisk* doth now its Center grace,
The lateſt, proudeſt, Honour of the Place.
To future Times this Monument ſhall ſhow,
How much all *Britons*, and all *Belgians* owe,
To Springs which ſav'd from Death the Great [NASSAU.
From HIM, and beauteous ANNA, ſhall deſcend,
Heroes like WILLIAM, ready to defend
Fair *Liberty* oppreſs'd, and trampled *Laws*,
Or die with Pleaſure in the glorious Cauſe.
What leſs than this can Prophecy divine,
When WILLIAM's Blood is mix'd with GEORGE's [Line?

NOR think, O NASH, the Muſe forgets thy Praiſe,
Enough for thee this Monument to raiſe:
What greater Honour can thy Pride receive,
Than that THY Name with great NASSAU ſhall live?

WHERE the *ſmooth Bowl** was wont to skim the [*Green*,
Now ſtately Rooms for Pleaſure change the Scene;
Where *Muſic* warbles, and the *Dancers* bound,
While the high Roof re-echoes to the Sound.
There blooming Virgins kindle am'rous Fires;
And there the God of Wit with Verſe inſpires.
The *rattling Dye* enchants the *Miſer's Heir*,
The *hoarded Sums* the *ſharking Gameſters* ſhare:
Th' important Bus'neſs of the Fair, *Quadrille*,
Employs thoſe Hours which *Dancing* cannot kill;
Or fav'rite *Ombre*, ſweetly ſung by POPE, [with *Hope*.
Appalls their *Cheeks* with *Fear*, or reddens them
There *Miſs* ſoon learns the Language of the *Eyes*,
The *witleſs Beau* looks ſoft, and ſwears he dies;
And who can think ſo *fine* a *Lover* lyes?
There *Pagan*, *Turk*, the *Papiſt*, and the *Jew*,
And all Mankind's *Epitome* you view.

* *Where* Lindſey's *New Room now ſtands, was a Bowling-Green not long ſince.*

But fly, my Muſe, fly this enchanting Place,
Nor *Man*, thro' all his Pleaſures, dare to trace.

But ſee thro' yonder * Door a ſafe *Retreat*;
There reſt ſecure, amidſt the *Wiſe*, and *Great*:
Heroes of *antient*, and of *modern* Song,
The bending Shelves in comely Order throng,
Hither, ye *Nymphs*, attend the leading Muſe,
With her the *Labours* of the *Wiſe* peruſe;
Their *Maxims learn*, their *Precepts* be your Guide.
Think *Virtuous Knowledge* Woman's *trueſt* Pride:
One Hour thus ſpent, more *ſolid* Joys ſhall give,
Than the gay *Idler* knows, or *Fools* conceive:

Now leave the *Terrace*, and th' extended Scene
Of *Hills* inclos'd, and *Meadows* ever green,
Deſcend to *Walks*, 'twixt *Limes* in adverſe Rows,
And view the gay *Parterre* that ever blows.

* *Mr. Leake's Shop.*

This

This fair *Pavilion* view, around its Baſe
Obſerve the Sportings of the *ſcaly Race.*
A cool *Receſs*, the MUSES *choſen Seat*,
From *Crouds*, and *empty Noiſe*, a bleſt Retreat!
The lovely *Landſcape*, and the ſilent *Stream*,
Inſpire the *Poet*, and preſent the Theme.
Round the *green Walk* the *River* glides away,
Where 'midſt *Eſpaliers* balmy *Zephyrs* play,
And fan the *Leaves*, and cool the ſcorching *Ray*:
View the brown Shadows of yon *pathleſs Wood*;
And *craggy Hills*, irregular and rude!
Where Nature ſports romantic: Hence is ſeen
The *new-made Road*, and wonderful *Machine*,
Self-moving downward from the Mountain's Height,
A *Rock* its Burden of a *Mountain's* Weight.

HAIL, mighty *Genius!* born for *Great Deſigns*,
T' *adorn* your *Country*, and to *mend* the *Times*;

* Harriſon's *Banqueting-Houſe.*

Virtue's

Virtue's Exemplar in degen'rate Days,
All who love *Virtue*, love to ſpeak *your* Praiſe:
You chide the Muſe that dares your Virtues own,
And, veil'd with *Modeſty*, would live unknown;
An *honeſt Muſe*, no Proſtitute for *Gain*,
Int'reſt may court her, but ſhall court in vain:
But ever pleas'd to ſet *true Worth* in View,
Yours *ſhall* be *ſeen*, and *will*, by All but *You*.

PROPHETIC here, the Muſe ſhall build thy Seat,
Great like thy *Soul*, in ev'ry Part complete:
On this fair Eminence the *Fabric* ſtands,
The finiſh'd Labour of a thouſand Hands;
The *Hill*, the *Dale*, the *River*, *Groves* and *Fields*,
Vary the *Landſcape*, which thy *Proſpect* yields;
Whole *Vales* of *Fruit-trees* give our Eyes Delight,
Yet ſcorn alone to gratify the *Sight*;
Beneath the Load the tender Branch ſhall bend,
And the rich Juice regale its *Maſter's Friend*.

Thy Taſte refin'd appears in yonder Wood,
Not *Nature* tortur'd, but by *Art* improv'd:
Where *cover'd Walks* with *open Viſta's* meet,
An *Area* here, and there a *ſhady Seat*.
A thouſand Sweets in mingled Odours flow
From blooming *Flow'rs*, which on the Borders grow.
In nnm'rous Streams the murm'ring Waters thrill,
Uniting all, obedient to thy Will;
Till by thy Art, in *one Canal* combin'd,
They thro' the *Wood* in various *Mazes* wind;
From thence the foaming Waves fall rapid down,
In bold *Caſcades*, and laſh the rugged Stone.
But here their Fury loſt, the calmer Scene
Delights the ſofter Muſe, and Soul ſerene;
An ample *Baſon*, Center of the Place,
In Lymph tranſparent holds the ſcaly Race;
Its glaſſy Face, from ev'ry Ruffle free,
Reflects the Image of each neighb'ring Tree;
On which the *feather'd Choir*, melodious, throng,
By Love inſpir'd, unite in tuneful Song;

Their

Their tuneful Song the echoing *Woods* reſound,
And falling *Waters* add a ſolemn Sound,
Sure this the Muſes haunt; 'tis hallow'd Ground!
Here could the Muſe for ever ſpend her Days,
And chant, in humble Rhymes, the Owner's Praiſe,
How by his Art, young MYRA * ſhall no more
Her STREPHON's Letter loſt, with Sighs deplore,
Unjuſtly jealous of her faithful Swain,
Whilſt he expects the kind Return in vain.
How from the † Mountain's rocky Sides he drew
A thouſand ſhining Palaces to view:
Temples, and *Hoſpitals* in ev'ry Land,
From Age to Age, his Monuments ſhall ſtand.
Envy itſelf ſhall die, and fickle *Fame*,
When he is dead, do Juſtice to his Name.
Had I or PINDAR's Wing, or HOMER's Fire;
VIRGIL's true Greatneſs, or ſoft HORACE' Lyre;

* *Mr.* ALLEN *contriv'd and ſettled the Croſs-Poſt, by which means Letters are now convey'd to a great many Towns ſafely, which uſed formerly to miſcarry oftener than they were received.*

† *Quarries.*

Could I, like tuneful POPE, command the NINE;
Did my Verſe flow, and as it flows, refine;
Thus would I ſing; but O, with Grief I find
My feeble Pen but faintly paints my Mind!
Myſelf unequal to the great Deſign,
The Task to abler Poets I reſign.

To Dr. OLIVER,

Who corrected my BATH POEM.

WHILE raſh, unknowing of *Parnaſſus'* [Height,
My Virgin Muſe attempts th' unequal Flight;
The Croud ill-judging, and her partial Friends
Or veil her Faults, or blindly *Each commends:*
While the juſt *Critics* ſilent Cenſure ſhew;
Blame this dull Thought, that Diction much too low:
Cautious and trembling now ſhe fears to fly,
You plume her Wings, and bid her boldly try.
Yet blindly wand'ring, when ſhe aims to riſe,
You clear the Miſt of Error from her Eyes;
You ſmooth her Verſe, and blot th' unmeaning Line,
Improve the Thought, and aid the lame Deſign.

With Chymic Art the *Chaos* you divide,
Extract the Spirit, bid the Phlegm ſubſide;
Correct, new range, precipitate, confine;
Yours is the Skill, the mean Materials mine.
You, her APOLLO, gave the Muſe her Fire,
Whene'er ſhe pleaſes, 'tis when you inſpire;
Ev'n POPE approv'd, when you had tun'd her Lyre.
The Debt of Honour bid me not conceal;
I'll dare your Friendſhip, and the Truth reveal.
No baſe Ingratitude ſhall taint my Name;
I'll keep my Virtue, tho' I loſe my Fame.
My honeſt Pride diſdains to ſteal the Bays,
Or, like the Moon, to ſhine with borrow'd Rays.
The greateſt Merit that my Muſe can ſhew,
Is that ſhe ſtands correct and fair by you.
Not only Fame, but Health to you I owe:
When my Joints trembled, and my Pulſe beat low,
When all my Friends had took a parting Sigh,
And Tears dropt ſilent from a Parent's Eye;

Tho'

Tho' neither Youth nor Beauty was my Friend,
Nor Gold nor Fame could tempt, yet you attend.
While ſoft Compaſſion languiſh'd in your Eyes,
And gently breath'd in ſympathetic Sighs,
Pure Goodneſs wing'd your Feet, inſpir'd your [Tongue;
Soft were your Accents, but your Reas'ning ſtrong.
Heav'n bid me live, and you preſcribe the Way;
To you, next Heav'n, my grateful Thanks I pay.
And now I breathe, and live, and ſing anew;
And owe my Breath, and Life, and Song to You.

A Letter to the Right Honourable the Lady RUSSEL.

Written at her Ladyſhip's Deſire, on the Converſation at Breakfaſt.

AT my low Cottage, on a chearful Morn,
When ſlanting Beams did ev'ry Scene adorn;
By Goodneſs prompted, native of their Breaſts,
Sir *Harry* and my Lady were my Gueſts.
My Treat was homely, and my Table ſmall,
My Cloth and Diſhes clean, and that was all:
For thus it ſuited to my low Eſtate,
'Twere inſolent to imitate the Great.
Hum'rous our Talk, and innocently gay;
Our Subjects various; Manners, Men, and Play,

And

And Love, and Wedlock; This our fav'rite Theme,
And each to their own Fancy form'd the Scheme:
" Maid! *ſaid Sir* Harry, come, it's Time to wed;
" By Sympathy chuſe *C*—— to be your Head.
" Two Bodies ſo exactly pair'd! 'tis plain
" Heav'n made the Match, and deſtin'd him the Man."
My Lady offer'd me her Farmer's Son.
Sir *Harry* poſitive for *C*—— alone.
Soon I accepted, either was my Choice;
" Moſt Votes ſhall carry't.---Mine's a neutral Voice.
" So I may wed, I'm not exceeding nice;
" My humble Wiſhes, Sir, no higher riſe,
" Than that the Man be honeſt, free from Vice;
" Improv'd by Learning both of Books and Men;
" His Genius witneſs'd by his well-known Pen;
" True to his Country, and fair Virtue's Cauſe;
" Unaw'd, unbrib'd, by Pow'r or by Applauſe;
" From Superſtition and Prophaneneſs free;
" His Fortune equal to himſelf and me.

" This

" This Praiſe to *C*—— his Friends allow is due;
" And Part, dear Farmer, I believe of you."

THE P——, abſent, could not ſpeak his Mind;
But the young Farmer, complaiſant and kind,
Bow'd, ſmil'd, and drank my Health. An Omen fair!
But, ah! a young and fairer Maid was there;
I fear my Rival's Charms, I fear her Art,
Each ſerve to move, and both to win his Heart.

THUS far in Mirth.—— But now for ſteady Truth;
I'm climb'd above the Scale of fickle Youth.
From Pain of Love I'm perfectly at Eaſe,
My Perſon Nature never form'd to pleaſe.
Friendſhip's the ſweeteſt Joy in human Life,
Tis *that* I wiſh —— and *not* to be a Wife.

THUS, Madam, your Command I have obey'd
In artleſs Lines: Of Cenſure not afraid:

Your

Your Goodneſs will accept my humble Lays;
Content with this, I ſeek no bettter Praiſe.
Rough as the Road on which I gave them Birth,
Dull as the clouded Morn, or barren Heath.
Vainly I wiſh, oh could I tune my Song
Sweet as your Name, and as your Virtue ſtrong!
With Pleaſure I'd the grateful Theme purſue,
But, I deſpair —— And humbly bid, *Adieu.*

To Mrs. BOTELER:

A Deſcription of her GARDEN.

HOW charming is this little Spot
Diſpos'd with Art and Taſte.
A thouſand Beauties intermix'd,
Prepare the Eyes a Feaſt.

The lovely *Limes* in ample Rows,
With *Woodbines* climbing round,
A ſhining Gravel Walk incloſe.
Where not a *Weed* is found.

The *Crocus*, *Primroſe*, *Daffodil*,
And *Cowſlip* ſweet, I ſing;
And fragrant purple *Violet*,
All Harbingers of *Spring*.

The

The musky lovely bluſhing *Pink*,
Jonquil with rich Perfume;
Tulips that vie with IRIS' *Bow*,
And *Balſoms* annual Bloom.

Th' immortal *Pea*, fair *'Emone*,
And beamy *Marigold*,
And *Polyanthus* (lovely Tribe!)
Their various Blooms unfold.

The Gard'ner's Pride *Ranunculus*,
Bell-flow'r ethereal blue,
The *Roſe Campion*, and golden *Lupe*,
And Wonder of *Peru*.

The *Amarynths*, as Poets ſing,
That JUNO deign'd to wear,
That in *Heſperian* Gardens ſpring,
Bloom fair and fragrant here.

The *Lily* fair as new fall'n Snow;
All theſe the Borders grace.
And *Myrtles*, *Roſes*, *Jeſſamins*,
With Fragrance fill the Place.

A Groop of dwarfiſh *Apple* Trees
Appear, a fairy Scene,
Loaden with Fruit, ſuch PARIS gave
To VENUS, Beauty's Queen.

Stately the riſing Mount appears,
With tow'ring *Elms* o'erſpread;
Whoſe gently waving Branches form,
At Noon, a cooling Shade.

The *Laurel* Plant the Victors crown,
And *Bays* by Poets worn;
The party-colour'd *Philaroy*,
And *May* perfuming *Thorn*.

Theſe line the Walks, and make the Bounds
All verdant young, and fair:
All ſpeak the Owner's Judgment good,
And praiſe the Gard'ner's Care.

Faint Emblem of a fairer Mind,
That over all preſides:
For ev'ry Virtue's planted there,
And ev'ry Action guides.

A POEM *on the Princeſs* AMELIA.

In Anſwer to DAMON, who invited the Nymphs of *Bath*, to ſing her Praiſe.

HARK! DAMON calls, I lead the Way;
Ye Nymphs of *Bath*, come, aid my Lay,
Come, ſtrike the trembling String:
AMELIA's Name ſo ſweetly flows,
Her Face ſuch wond'rous Goodneſs ſhows,
Who can refuſe to ſing?

HER Preſence, like the Sun benign,
Sheds Bleſſings where ſhe deigns to ſhine;
And brightens all the Place.
But when the Goddeſs diſappears,
Our drooping Heads and Eyes in Tears
Will witneſs our Diſtreſs.

OH!

OH! wou'd the Muſes aid my Wing,
APOLLO tune my Voice to ſing!
I'd take the lovely Theme.
AMELIA's Name the Vale ſhou'd fill,
And echo back from Hill to Hill;
Sweet as her riſing Fame.

WHILE envious Foes in vain repine,
May *Britain*, bleſt in BRUNSWIC's Line,
Still *Europe*'s Balance ſway!
Till Plenty, Liberty and Peace
Shall fill the World —— till Faction ceaſe,
And Earth reſound the Joy.

To the Reverend Doctor S——.

An Invitation to a Morning-Walk in the *Spring*.

THE piercing Cold, the ſtormy Winds,
And drooping Rains of Winter gone;
The genial Sun new warms the Earth,
And brings the fertile Seaſon on.

The Morning Breezes ſoftly blow,
AURORA gilds the Meadows fair;
Gentle and ſmooth the Rivers flow,
And balmy Sweets perfume the Air.

The tow'ring Lark expands her Wing,
The Birds in Concert all combine;
And, as they glide through Air, and ſing,
They call your ſweeter Voice to join.

Come,

Come, bring the *Muſes* in your Train,
Let grave *Philoſophy* attend;
And true *Religion*, kind and plain:
They'll all accompany my Friend.

All Nature ſmiling, ſeems to ſay:
" Come, taſte the Pleaſures of the Spring;
" Come, come, AMYNTOR, come away;
" Remember Time is on the Wing."

To the Reverend Mr. SAM. CHANDLER.

On WISDOM.

FAREWEL a while to mortal Things——
To *Wiſdom* now I ſtrike my Strings,
And tune the warbling Lyre.
Oh for thy Influence from above,
Fountain of Light, and God of Love;
Do thou my Breaſt inſpire!

'Tis not the Politician's Art,
Who makes his injur'd Country ſmart,
To fill his Cheſts with Gold;
Nor all his cunning Craft, to gain
Pleaſures and Honours falſe and vain,
For which his Peace is ſold.

No,

No, I would ſing a nobler Theme:
His *Wiſdom* is an idle Dream,
That flies him when awake.
The guilty Soul with keen Remorſe
Finds all his Gains repaid with Loſs,
And curſes his Miſtake.

WISDOM is Truth without Diſguiſe:
Clear as the Sun in cloudleſs Skies,
The wiſe Man's Actions ſhine.
No Scrutiny can hurt his Name,
Or baſe Diſcovery give him Shame
Of Fraud, or mean Deſign.

WISDOM is pure as Gold refin'd;
No ſenſual Stain deforms the Mind,
Or damps the riſing Joys.
No raging Appetite on Fire,
Or Torment from impure Deſire,
Or Health, or Peace deſtroys.

THE wiſe Man gives to all their Due;
Juſt to himſelf, and Neighbour too.
And takes an honeſt Care,
To pay his Sov'reign's rightful Claim;
Conſults his Fortune and his Fame,
His Family and Heir.

No Terror from the Law he feels;
No threat'ning Want purſues his Heels,
Nor frightful Dun he fears.
Secure he walks where-e'er he goes,
No Want of Friend or Credit knows,
No keen Reproach he hears.

WISDOM's diffuſive as the Light;
Fertile with Bleſſings heav'nly bright,
Kind Source of Peace and Joy.
Relieves the Wretch oppreſs'd with Pain,
And chears like the refreſhing Rain,
When ſcorching Griefs annoy.

THIS bore the Name in Ages paſt,
And will be *Wiſdom* at the laſt,
When Time itſelf ſhall ceaſe.
When the curſt ſenſual Fool ſhall find
Nothing to fill his hungry Mind,
And wiſh, in vain, for Peace.

THIS from the Source of Glory came,
And gives true Grandeur, endleſs Fame,
Still blooming young and fair.
Not loſt by envious tainted Breath,
But ſprings yet freſher after Death
In the celeſtial Air.

MAY all our Lives this *Wiſdom* guide!
May Love to GOD and Man divide
The Hours that ſwiftly fly!
While ſweet Reflection on the paſt,
And chearful Proſpect of the laſt,
Shall ev'ry Grief defy.

My Own EPITAPH.

HERE lies a true Maid, deformed and old;
Who, that ſhe never was handſome, ne'er needed be told.
Tho' ſhe ne'er had a Lover, much Friendſhip had met;
And thought all Mankind quite out of her Debt.
She ne'er could forgive, for ſhe ne'er had reſented;
As ſhe ne'er had deny'd, ſo ſhe never repented.
She lov'd the whole Species, but ſome had diſtin-guiſh'd;
But Time and much Thought had all Paſſion extin-guiſh'd.
Tho' not fond of her Station, content with her Lot;
A Favour receiv'd ſhe had never forgot.
She rejoic'd in the Good that her Neighbour poſſeſs'd,
And Piety, Purity, Truth ſhe profeſs'd.

She

She liv'd in much Peace, but ne'er courted Pleaſure;
Her Book and her Pen had her Moments of Leiſure.
Pleas'd with Life, fond of Health, yet fearleſs of [Death;
Believing ſhe loſt not her Soul with her Breath.

A LETTER *to Lady* F——.

From the Other World.

FROM the *Elyſian* Fields I ſing,
Where ever blooms the balmy Spring:
From Roſeat Groves and Myrtle Shades,
That not a ſultry Beam invades.
Each Grove with heav'nly Muſic rings,
And Odours riſe on Zephyrs Wings.
Mild Glory lightens all the Bow'rs,
And pureſt Pleaſure wings the Hours.
While cryſtal Streams, incircling, flow
Through all the flow'ry Vales below;
That in the ſofteſt Murmurs thrill,
Adown each ſlow-deſcending Hill.

Where

Where grows immortalizing Fruit,
For ever giving freſh Recruit.
No drowſy Slumbers cloſe the Eyes
In theſe gay Regions of the Skies.
Nor Dream a frightful Form aſſumes,
Impreſs'd by indigeſted Fumes.
Nor aking Head from heated Brain,
Diſeaſe, nor, its Attendant, Pain.
Here, no deſpairing Lover dies;
No baſe Deluder cheats with Lyes,
Nor come or jealous Cares or Sighs.
Nor Eye e'er drops a briny Tear;
For Truth and Love are native here.
Each Spirit has his Task aſſign'd
As pleaſes beſt, or ſuits his Mind.
Some to the central Sun deſcend;
Some to the neighb'ring Planets tend;
Nor ſome ſo ſmall a Space can bound,
As does old SATURN's annual Round;

But

But through the vaſt unbounded Space,
Their Maker's Works with Rapture trace.
Of this ſmall Surface loſing Sight,
Amidſt Ten Thouſand Worlds of Light;
Some tune their golden Harps, and ſing
The boundleſs Glories of their KING.
Or how from Chaos Nature roſe,
How central Fires theſe Scenes ſhall cloſe.
How at the laſt important Day,
All ſhall the Trumpet's Voice obey,
With Horror ſome, and ſome with Joy.

SOME on the kindeſt Errands fly,
Adown the azure hilly Sky;
And whiſper CELIA in the Ear,
" Of yon deluding Fop beware."
To STREPHON, when the ſparkling Wine
Does to Exceſs his Soul incline;
" Exert the Man, and fly the Bait;
" See Poiſon on the Pleaſure wait."

And,

And, pointing to the tempting Fair,
" Diſeaſe, ill Fame, and Guilt are there."
Bids Reaſon guide his erring Feet,
And ev'ry Virtue grow complete.
Bids Wit, within due Bounds confin'd,
Adorn, and not debauch, his Mind.
If STREPHON's deaf, away they fly,
And, griev'd, they mount their native Sky.
They leave him 'midſt a lighter Band,
Of airy Beings ſtill at hand;
Who left the World with tainted Breaſt,
With their own Follies ſtill impreſs'd,
Envious, deceitful, and unbleſt.
Who hover round with downward Flight,
Viſit in Dreams at Dead of Night;
Fill MYRA's Head with Dukes and Earls,
And Equipage, and coſtly Pearls.
Bid STREPHON dance, and drink, and play,
Turn Day to Night, and Night to Day;

Till

Till Health, and Fame, and Fortune flies,
STREPHON repents, deſpairs, and dies.

THESE tuneful POPE calls *Nomes* and *Sylphs*;
Theſe *Britons* took for *fairy Elves*;
The *Genius* was the Pagan Name;
They gave their Bards and Sages Fame.
And MILTON, POPE, and DRYDEN fir'd;
And CLARKE and NEWTON theſe inſpir'd.
Nor STREPHON, nor does CELIA know
But from themſelves their Reas'nings flow.
By Sounds ſo gently we pervade,
So unperceiv'd the Trace is made,
And Picture to the Mind convey'd.

THIS Meſſage, *F*——, to you I bear;
You was my Friend, are now my Care.
Your ſprightly Wit, that all admire,
Is an unlicens'd lawleſs Fire.

Reſtrain

Reſtrain its wild impetuous Courſe;
And give your Reaſon all its Force.
And let that Reaſon be your Rule:
Things ſacred bear no Ridicule.
Be to your better Self but true,
Then ev'ry Grace will ſhine in You.

To Mrs. SHALES:

I'LL not fatigue BELINDA's Ear
With telling her, " She's fair;"
Thoſe Sounds ſo often ſhe muſt hear
Of Shape, and Face, and Air.

Of Neck as white as falling Snow,
And Eyes that Love inſpire;
What her Glaſs tells her, ſhe muſt know,
And Repetitions tire.

Beſides, the Nymph has too much Senſe,
To pride in Good ſo frail;
Sees Beauty round beſet with Harms,
And fears leſt ſome prevail.

Leſt flatt'ring Tongues in fair Diſguiſe
Should Vanity inſtil;
Obſerves herſelf with watchful Eyes,
And ſhuns the baleful Ill:

Bids Caution wait on Innocence,
Leſt Malice dare to blame;
Or Envy, with envenom'd Breath,
Should taint her lovely Name.

She knows, that ev'ry Hour that flies,
Brings Age upon its Wing:
And that ungrateful Word, *She was!*
Has Venom in its Sting.

She thanks kind Heav'n, that made her fair;
And knows that Heav'n deſign'd,
That lovely Form ſhe wears, to grace
The Beauties of her Mind.

So when the ſparkling Brilliant's ſet
In Silver, ſhining Oar;
It adds ſmall Value to the Stone,
But makes it pleaſe the more.

To

To Mrs. STEPHENS.

THOU, *Sodbury* Houſe, my lov'd, my ſweet Retreat,
And all the Beauties that ſurround the Seat;
Where Nature ſmiles in all her fertile Pride;
Demand'ſt my Song, and Truth ſhall be my Guide.
Scarce *Eden*'s Garden more divinely fair;
Alike in Fragrance is thy balmy Air.
When bow'd by Sickneſs nigh the gloomy Grave,
Thy Air reviv'd, and Heav'n vouchſaf'd to ſave.

REV'REND by hoary Age, and old in Fame,
Unknown its Founder's Family and Name.
The Fabric ſtands a venerable Seat;
Juſt in the Centre of a fair Eſtate:

That wide its hoſpitable Door extends,
Capacious to receive a thouſand Friends.
The Owner's Soul, like Goodneſs, unconfin'd,
Diffuſes wide her Favours on her Kind.
Her gen'rous Breaſt ſcarce other Pleaſure knows,
Than what reflects from thoſe that ſhe beſtows.
She knows with ſtricteſt Prudence how to ſpend;
Still frugal to herſelf, and noble to her Friend.
Fair verdant Avenues the Houſe adorn;
And double Courts the bold Intruder warn.
For great Beneficence is oft oppreſs'd;
And thoſe that can't deny, can ſeldom reſt.
Wide arched Portals grace the ſolemn Hall;
Where wait the Poor, as their Diſtreſſes call:
Nor call in vain; but of Aſſiſtance ſure;
If hungry, fed; if ſick, they find a Cure.
But view the Parlour; here Deſcription's faint:
Its Beauties languiſh in my lifeleſs Paint.
Its wide Dimenſion, well-proportion'd Height,
With pleaſing Awe command and charm the Sight.

Here

Here OLIVER, in *Britain*'s Annals fam'd,
Frowns awful, yet intrepid and untam'd.
This Piece a Son of *Spain* could ſcarce ſurvive;
The Canvas ſpeaks, 'tis OLIVER alive.
From the broad Windows ſee the Scenes extend;
Till on the diſtant Hills the Skies deſcend.
Within, around exotic Flow'rets bloom;
Fair *India*'s Spices ſhed a rich Perfume.
Nor leſs, ye lovely Natives of our Iſle,
Your Scenes delight me, or your Bloſſoms ſmile.
The fragrant *Jeſſamin*, and bluſhing *Roſe*,
The various *Woodbine*, *Pink*, and *Lily* ſhows
Yet liuelier Beauty in their native Soil;
Shed ſweeter Fragrance, and require leſs Toil.

HERE hanging Gardens rich with Fruit appear;
The golden *Apple*, and the mellow *Pear*,
And nicer Plants, their ſpreading Arms extend;
To tempt the gath'ring Hand of ev'ry Friend.

On the ſmooth Terras, ſet with Ever-greens,
I walk'd, delighted with the lovely Scenes:
Where Groops of Trees around are artful ſpread,
And meet in verdant Arches o'er the Head.
Amidſt the awful Shades, from Grove to Grove,
In Noon-day's Heat ſecure and cool, I rove.
Whence Clouds of Birds purſue their airy Way,
When dawning Beams proclaim the riſing Day;
Rous'd from their leafy Beds they hail the Light.
I gaze, delighted with the Sound and Sight!
And wait their wiſh'd Return with riſing Night.
Here riſes on the Plain a ſpreading Town;
Part the Sun gilds, and Part the Shades imbrown.
See gently gradual yonder Hills ariſe;
Till blue the laſt, and hid among the Skies.
Along the Side an ancient City ſpreads,
Churches and *Gothic* Spires erect their Heads.
Here Seats unnumber'd interſpers'd appear;
With vocal Woods, and Corn with golden Ear.

Gay

Gay Plenty, with her ever ſmiling Face,
And graceful Beauty, dreſſes all the Space.
The loaded Veſſel there ſecurely rides
On *Severn*, proudly rolling back her Tides;
Carrying our Plenty to each diſtant Shore,
Exchang'd for foreign Wine, and golden Oar.
The diſtant River courts the wand'ring Eyes,
Till the wide View in ancient *Cambria* dies.
Cambria; whoſe hardy Sons were true and bold,
Scorn'd to be Slaves, their Freedom never ſold;
But choſe to live on barren Cliffs their own,
Diſdain'd more fertile Fields for *Roman* Maſters
[ſown.
Here view the wide extended Concave bound
The haughty Hills, that guard the Vallies round.
What grateful Thoughts thoſe awful Camps inſpire!
Once a dread Scene of War, and Blood, and Fire:
When conqu'ring *Romans* ſat in Triumph there,
And Death flew hiſſing thro' the frighted Air.
The ſlaughter'd Natives ſpread the Vallies wide,
And drench'd the Meadows with a Crimſon Tide.

Now Peace her downy Wing ſpreads o'er the Scene,
The Camps lie harmleſs on the level Green,
The Noiſe of War is huſh'd, and all a ſweet Serene.
Not *Cowper*'s *Hill* a more delightful Theme,
That ſmiles in DENHAM's Song for ever green;
Nor *Windſor Foreſt* ever fair and gay,
Immortaliz'd by POPE's harmonious Lay;
Nor fancied Scenes in Fable Stories told,
By modern Bards, or the inchanting old,
Have greater Charms than *Sodbury*, dear Retreat!
Serenely bleſt, here could I fix my Seat.
But I muſt wander with unwilling Feet.
Thus ADAM took his laſt, his farewel Round,
And mourning left fair *Eden*'s happy Ground.
Happy and long may here the Owner live,
To taſte thoſe Pleaſures which ſhe loves to give!
Long by her wiſe and fair Example ſhow,
How Peace and Joy from ſilent Order flow!
With chearful Health and Friendſhip ever crown'd,
And deal out Bleſſings to the Country round!

A SONG.

YOUNG Celia was ſprightly and gay;
Had the Bloom of Fifteen on her Cheek:
Her Lovers came flocking each Day,
And a thouſand fond Things they wou'd ſpeak.
She, giddy and thoughtleſs, gave Ear
To the Tale of each flattering Tongue;
And thought ſhe was bleſt, to appear
In a Circle of Lovers ſo young.

Thus elate with the Conqueſts ſhe gain'd,
She neglected to act with a Grace;
And thought that her Triumph for Life,
Was ſecure by the Charms of her Face.

While

While CYNTHIA, more modeſt and coy,
Not a Lover yet boaſts in her Train;
Which CELIA with Pleaſure obſerv'd,
And delighted to give the Nymph Pain.

HER Lovers grew cold and dropp'd off,
As her Folly increas'd with her Years;
When Time had her Beauty defac'd,
They left her to Wrinkles and Tears.
While CYNTHIA took Care to ſupply
With each Grace the ſwift Conqueſt of Time;
And was much more belov'd in Decay,
Than CELIA was e'er in her Prime.

HER Mind, with each Virtue replete,
Had enamour'd a right-judging Swain;
Who ſought her to make them both bleſt:
And ſtill is unrivall'd her Reign.

All

All ye fair, that attend to my Song,
Be ye warned by CELIA's ill Fate;
Think the Graces to Beauty belong;
Leſt forſaken, you court them too late.

To

To Mrs. MOOR,

A *Poem* on FRIENDSHIP. Written in 1729.

FRIENDSHIP! the heav'nly Theme I ſing;
Source of the trueſt Joy;
From Senſe ſuch Pleaſures never ſpring,
Still new, that never cloy.

'Tis ſacred Friendſhip gilds our Days,
And ſmooths Life's ruffled Stream:
Uniting Joys will Joys increaſe,
And ſharing leſſen Pain.

'Tis pure as the etherial Flame,
That lights the Lamps above;
Pure, as the Infant's Thought, from Blame;
Or, as his Mother's Love.

From

From kind Benevolence it flows,
And riſes on Eſteem.
'Tis falſe Pretence, that Int'reſt ſhews,
And fleeting as a Dream.

The Wretch, to Senſe and Self confin'd,
Knows not the dear Delight;
For gen'rous Friendſhip wings the Mind,
To reach an Angel's Height.

Amidſt the Crowd each Kindred Mind,
True Worth ſuperior ſpies:
Tho' hid, the modeſt Veil behind,
From leſs diſcerning Eyes.

From whoſe Diſcourſe Inſtruction flows,
But Satire dares not wound.
Their guiltleſs Voice no Flatt'ry knows,
But ſcorns deluſive Sound.

While Truth divine inſpires each Tongue,
The Soul bright Knowledge gains.
Such ADAM ask'd, and GABRIEL ſung,
In heav'nly MILTON's Strains.

Such the Companions of your Hours,
And ſuch your lov'd Employ;
Who would indulge your nobleſt Pow'rs,
But know no guilty Joy.

And thus as ſwift-wing'd Time brings on
Death, nearer to our View;
Tun'd to ſweet Harmony our Souls,
We take a ſhort Adieu.

Till the laſt Trump's delightful Sound
Shall wake our ſleeping Clay;
Then ſwift, to find our Fellow-ſouls,
As Light, we haſte away.

On my RECOVERY.

GOD of my Life and lengthen'd Days!
To Thee my Breath I owe.
Teach me my grateful Voice to raiſe,
In Sounds that ſweetly flow.

When ſinking to the ſilent Grave,
My Spirits dy'd away;
Thy quick'ning Word new Vigour gave,
Thy Voice commands my Stay.

In my Diſtreſs to Thee I cry'd,
When toſſing in my Bed;
Thou ſent'ſt thy Mercy to my Aid,
And eas'd my aking Head.

Thou

Thou bidd'ſt the vital Current flow
In a leſs rapid Tide;
My dancing Pulſe beat calm and low,
And fev'riſh Heats ſubſide:

Thou lend'ſt to my Phyſician Skill,
Right Med'cines to apply;
And my Diſeaſe obey'd thy Will,
The painful Symptoms die.

That Life, which thou haſt longer ſpar'd,
I would devote to Thee.
O let thy Spirit be my Guard,
Till I thy Face ſhall ſee!

My WISH.

WOU'D Heav'n indulgent grant my Wiſh
For future Life, it ſhou'd be this;
Health, Peace, and Friendſhip I wou'd ſhare
A Mind from Bus'neſs free, and Care;
A Soil that's dry in temp'rate Air;
A Fortune from Incumbrance clear,
About a Hundred Pounds a Year;
A Houſe not ſmall, built warm and neat,
Above a Hut, below a Seat;
With Groops of Trees beſet around,
In Proſpect of the lower Ground,
Beneath the Summit of a Hill,
From whence the guſhing Waters trill,

In various Streams and Windings flow
To aid a River juſt below;
At a ſmall Diſtance from a Wood,
And near ſome Neighbours wiſe and good;
There would I ſpend my remnant Days,
Review my Life, and mend my Ways.
I'd be ſome honeſt Farmer's Gueſt,
That with a cleanly Wife is bleſt;
A friendly Cleric ſhou'd be near,
Whoſe Flock and Office were his Care;
My Thoughts my own, my Time I'd ſpend
In writing to ſome faithful Friend:
Or on a Bank, by purling Brook,
Delight me with ſome uſeful Book;
Some Sage, or Bard, as Fancy led;
Then ruminate on what I'd read.
Some moral Thoughts ſhou'd be my Theme,
Or verdant Field, or gliding Stream;
Or Flocks, or Herds, that Shepherds love;
The Shepherds wou'd my Song approve.

No Flatt'ry baſe, nor baſer Spite,
Nor one looſe Thought my Muſe ſhou'd write;
Nor vainly try unequal Flight.
Great GEORGE's Name let Poets ſing,
That riſe on a ſublimer Wing:
I'd keep my Paſſions quite ſerene;
My Perſon and Apartment clean;
My Dreſs not ſlovenly, but mean.
Some Money ſtill I'd keep in Store,
That I might have to give the Poor;
To help a Neighbour in Diſtreſs,
I'd ſave from Pleaſure, Food, and Dreſs.
I'd feed on Herbs, the limpid Spring
Shou'd be my *Helicon*.—I'd ſing;
And be much happier than a KING.
Thus calmly ſee my Sun decline;
My Life and Manners thus refine.
And acting in my narrow Sphere,
In chearful Hope, without one Care,
I'd quit the World, nor wiſh a Tear.

To Miſs MOOR,

On her FIRE-SCREEN.

WHEN gloomy Winter's clad in Snow,
Without one chearful Shade of Green;
When one blank View is all the Shew,
And not a Leaf or Flower ſeen;

When now the ſhiv'ring feather'd Throng
To diſtant warmer Regions fly,
Or wanting Food, or chill'd with Froſt,
Or by the fatal Powder die:

You, my young fair one, of your own
A new Creation can provide:
Your Flow'rs gay blooming as in *May*,
Your Trees the ſharpeſt Froſt abide.

The

The Flow'rs ne'er fade, nor drop the Fruits,
Nor fades the Verdure of the Fields;
All the gay Seaſons in one Scene,
The ever-pleaſing Proſpect yields.

'Tis true, the Muſic of the Birds,
Eſcapes your Art, nor ſtrikes your Ear.
But ſee them pearching on the Trees,
As if delighted to be here.

Your tender Mind's a fertile Soil;
May all the Graces flouriſh there!
May Modeſty protect the Whole,
And, as your Face, your Name be fair!

On Mr. B——'s GARDEN.

To Mrs. S——.

MADAM,

TO your Commands I own Obedience due,
And fain wou'd paint this fair inchanting [View;
A Palace, Centre of the Garden, ſtands,
No common Structure rear'd by vulgar Hands;
But ſhews a Maſter's Skill, a Work complete,
And ſpeaks the Founder's Name, and Fortune great.
The ſtately Front commands th'admiring View;
Grand its Deſign, and its Proportion true.
No coſtly Folly, no expenſive Waſte;
Strong, but not heavy; noble, but not vaſt;
Finiſh'd with Judgment, furniſh'd with a Taſte.
Vain my Attempt to paint the charming Scenes,
The Park, the Grove, the Terras, and the Greens;

Fountains

Fountains, Canals, Caſcades from tow'ring Slopes;
The grand Variety confound my Hopes:
Here Art o'er Nature ſhews a noble Pride,
With Beauty clothes the barren Mountain's Side.
The Planter's Skill the nodding Foreſts ſhow,
Where ſcarce a *Shrub* was ever known to grow.
From Summer's Heat the Hills provide a Shade,
In Winter Shelter, when cold Winds invade.
Yet what were theſe but empty, all in vain
To eaſe an aking Heart, or Head in Pain;
Did Envy or Ambition rack the Breaſt,
The Day wou'd yield no Joy, the Night no Reſt;
One Vice indulg'd wou'd caſt a Gloom around,
Cloud all the Proſpect, poiſon all the Ground.
But here true Happineſs is underſtood,
The noble manly Joy of doing Good;
Here ſterling Truth, calm Temperance, and Love
Lead from theſe pleaſing Scenes to thoſe above,
To nobler Structure built by Hands divine,
Where Suns unclouded o'er the Proſpect ſhine;

Where Mildews blaſt not, nor chill Froſts annoy,
No Rains can rot, nor eating Worms deſtroy.
Within theſe Walls ſuch Happineſs reſides;
Thus *Fame* reports.--- What can they wiſh beſides?
The Poor ſhall bleſs them, all the Wiſe ſhall hail,
And Heav'n approve; their Joys can never fail.
Late may they peaceful to their Graves deſcend,
And Heav'n to all their Offspring prove a Friend!

To

To Mrs. JACOB,

On her Seat *called, The* Rocks, *in* Glouceſterſhire.

AT eaſy Diſtance from the Town,
An hoſpitable Seat
From Crowd and Noiſe there ſtands retir'd,
A ſweet and cool Retreat;

Securely ſeated on a Rock,
Whence ſilver Streams deſcend,
From Cliffs the Ruins of old Time,
And murmur as they bend.

The antient Honours of the Wood
Adorn and guard the Pile;
At humble Diſtance down it ſees
The fruitful Vallies ſmile.

Here

Here Woods and Shades, and Grots and Glades,
Feel ſultry Summer mild;
Diverſify'd a thouſand Ways,
And beautifully wild.

When we, amidſt the Shades below,
From the ſteep Hill deſcend,
Where cryſtal Streams in Mazes flow,
That tow'ring Elms defend;

Like PLUTO's Regions wrapt in Gloom
We think the darkſome Way,
That ends in the *Elyſian* Plains,
Fair, flow'ry, calm, and gay.

Romantic Views theſe Proſpects yield,
That feed poetic Fire;
Each broken Rock, and Cave, and Field,
And Hill, and Vale, inſpire.

Theſe various, gay, delightful Scenes,
Like Paradiſe appear;
Serene as ev'ning Sky my Soul,
And huſh'd is ev'ry Care.

A thouſand Birds ſoft warbling join
The Muſic of the Trees;
Whoſe waving Boughs and whiſp'ring Leaves,
Play wanton in the Breeze.

The happy Genius of the Place,
Inſpire with ſofteſt Joys;
And Contemplation pure as Light,
My rap'tur'd Soul employs.

Within the Gates new Scenes ariſe,
Which equal Joys diſcloſe;
There Beauty, Goodneſs, Friendſhip ſmiles,
And gen'rous Plenty flows.

To Mrs. WARD.

SAPPHIRA's Lines with Wit and Humour [fraught,
Pure as her Morals, ſprightly as her Thought;
Fill'd with Compaſſion for the poor diſtreſs'd,
And flowing from a grateful gen'rous Breaſt,
My Muſe wou'd ſing.——But SWIFT approves her [Lays,
APOLLO's SWIFT anticipates my Praiſe.
Will DELIA pardon, if I dare rehearſe
Her STREPHON's Praiſe in my unpoliſh'd Verſe?
Where Souls replete with Learning, Senſe, and [Truth;
Himſelf alone unknowing of his Worth:
Graceful amidſt SAPPHIRA's Works he ſtands
Pre-eminent, and ev'ry Eye commands;
Who ſings with Genius, Elegance, and Art,
To warm the Paſſions, and enlarge the Heart.

Sub-

Sublime in Sentiment, in Diction pure,
His ſhall the Critic's keeneſt Pen endure;
And ſtand the Rage of conqu'ring Time ſecure.
A Fop let others chuſe, or Wretch they hate;
To ev'ry Joy prefer a large Eſtate;
With Toys and Equipage, while Truth and Mind
Is DELIA's Taſte, and ſhews her Soul refin'd.
The Wiſe muſt DELIA and her Choice approve,
Who wou'd great Merit recompenſe with Love;
Good Senſe muſt Honour, Friendſhip, Faith ſecure,
While the rich Fool grows fickle, falſe, impure.
With ſuch a Friend what Woman wou'd not dare
To ſtake ſome Fortune, and the reſt to ſhare?
To hear Truth flow melodious from his Tongue,
And have her Name immortaliz'd in Song.
Such Force of Merit muſt ſucceſsful prove,
Bays crown his Head, while *Beauty* crowns his
[Love.

F I N I S.

10 JU 68

BOOKS Printed and Sold by JAMES LEAKE, *Bookſeller in* Bath.

1. AN ESSAY on the true Nature and Method of treating the Gout; together with an Account of the Nature and Quality of *Bath-Waters*, the Manner of uſing them, and the Diſeaſes in which they are proper, *&c.* As alſo of the Nature and Cure of moſt Chronical Diſtempers: not publiſhed before. The ſixth Edition.

2. A NEW THEORY of Acute and Slow Continued FEVERS, wherein, beſides the Appearance of ſuch, and the Manner of their Cure, occaſionally, the Structure of the Glands, and the Manner and Laws of Secretion, the Operation of Purgative, Vomitive, and Mercurial Medicines, are mechanically explained. To which is prefix'd, An ESSAY concerning the Improvements of the Theory of Medicines. The fourth Edition.

3. *Philoſophical Principles* of *Religion*, Natural and Revealed. In Two Parts. Part I. Containing, The ELEMENTS of *Natural Philoſophy*, and the PROOFS of *Natural Religion* ariſing from them. Part II. Containing, The Nature and Kinds of Infinites, their Arithmetick and Uſes; together with

with the *Philoſophical Principles* of *Revealed Religion.* The fourth Edition.

4. An Essay of Health and Long Life: In which are laid down, ſhort and eaſy Rules for attaining and preſerving both, on the following Heads, *viz. Air*, *Diet*, *Sleeping* and *Watching*; *Exerciſe* and *Quiet*; *Evacuations* and *Obſtructions*; the Paſſions, *&c.* The eighth Edition.

5. The English Malady; or a Treatiſe of Nervous Diſeaſes of all Kinds; as *Spleen*, *Vapours*, *Lowneſs of Spirits*, *Hypocondriacal* and *Hyſterical Diſtempers*, *&c.* In Three Parts. Part I. Of the Nature and Cauſe of Nervous Diſtempers: Part II. Of the Cure of Nervous Diſtempers: Part III. Variety of Caſes that illuſtrate and confirm the Method of Cure. With the *Author*'s own CASE at large. The third Edition.

Theſe five by George Cheyne, M. D. *and* F. R. S.

6. An Essay on Chronical Diseases, the Methods of Cure, and herein more fully, of the Medicinal Waters of Bath and Bristol, their ſeveral Virtues and Differences. The ſecond Edition.

7. Of *Bathing* in the *Hot-Baths*, at Bath, chiefly with regard to the Palsie, and ſome Diſeaſes in Women. In a Letter addreſs'd to Dr. Freind.

Theſe two by John Wynter, M. B. *è Col. Chriſti Cantab.*

8. A

8. A *Practical Diſſertation* on BATH-WATERS. Treating of the Antiquity of Bathing. Of the Original of Springs. Of the Cauſe of the Heat of BATH-WATERS, and of their Ingredients. Of Drinking BATH-WATERS. Of Bathing. Of the City of *Bath*, its Situation, Baths, *&c.* By WILLIAM OLIVER, M. D. *and* F. R. S.

9. A Collection of Treatiſes relating to the *City* and *Waters* of BATH. Containing 1. A Diſcourſe of the BATH, and the HOT-WATERS there. Alſo ſome Enquiries into the Nature of the Water of St. *Vincent's Rock*, near *Briſtol*; and that of *Caſtle-Cary*. 2. A Century of Obſervations; containing farther Diſcoveries of the Nature of the *Hot-Waters* at *Bath*: With the Contents, Property and Diſtinction of each Bath in particular. 3. The Lives and Characters of the Phyſicians of *Bath*, from the Year 1598, to 1676. 4. An Apology for the *Bath*; being an Anſwer to a late Enquiry into the right Uſe and Abuſes of the Baths of *England*, &c. with ſome Reflections on Freſh Cold Bathing, Bathing in Sea Water, and Dipping in Baptiſm. 5. The Regiſter of *Bath*; or, Two Hundred Obſervations containing an Account of the Cures performed, and Benefits received, by the Uſe of *Hot Waters* of *Bath*; As they, for the moſt part, came under the Author's 27 Years Experience and Obſervation. By *Thomas Guydot*, M. B. late Phyſician at the *Bath*. To which is added, *Thermæ Redivivæ*; or, The City of BATH deſcribed, *&c.* By *Henry Chapman*, Gent.

10. The *Hiſtory* and *Memoirs* of the BATH; Containing Obſervations on what Cures have been there wrought, both by Bathing and Drinking thoſe Waters. An Account of King BLADUD, ſaid to be the firſt Founder of the *Baths*. With a Philoſophical Preface, of ſeveral Experiments and Remarks relating to the Origin, Quality, and Nature of *Baths* in general, and thoſe in particular. By ROBERT PIERCE, M. D. near Sixty Years Phyſician in *Bath*.

11. Twenty-five *Sermons* preached upon ſeveral Subjects and Occaſions. To which is annexed, a ſhort Character of the Right Reverend Father in God Dr. GEORGE HOOPER, late Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells*. By THOMAS CONEY, D. D. Prebendary of *Wells*, Vicar of *Overſtowey*, and Rector of *Chedzoy*, in *Somerſetſhire*.

12. The DEVOUT SOUL: or, on Entertainment for a *Penitent*: Conſiſting of *Meditations*, *Poems*, *Hymns* and *Prayers*, upon *Guilt* and *Repentance*; the Follies and Vanities of this World; and the Sufferings and Afflictions of human Life. To which are prefixed Two Eſſays: One upon *Devotional Books*; and the Other upon *Divine Poetry*.

13. A Companion for a *Sick Bed*: or, a Preparation for *Death*: Conſiſting of *Diſcourſes*, *Hymns*, and *Prayers* upon the moſt important Subjects relating to *Sickneſs*. To which is added, A particular Form of *Devotion* for *Sick Perſons*. The Third Edition.

14. *The*

14. *The Happineſs or Miſery of a Nation dependent upon the Principles and Conduct of its Governors.* A SERMON preach'd at *Taunton*, *Mar.* 14, 1730-1, at the Aſſizes held there for the County of *Somerſet*, by the Right Honourable Lord Chief Baron REYNOLDS, and the Honourable Mr. Juſtice DENTON.

15. *The Malefactor inexcuſable.* A SERMON preach'd in the Cathedral Church at *Wells*, *Aug.* 25, 1731, at the Aſſizes held there for the County of *Somerſet*, by the Honourable Mr. Juſtice PAGE, and the Honourable Mr. Juſtice LEE.

Theſe five by Thomas Coney, D. D. *Prebendary of* Wells, *Vicar of* Overſtowey, *and Rector of* Bath.

16. SERMONS on ſeveral Occaſions: Preached in the Royal Chapel of St. *James's*. To which is added, a *Sermon* preach'd on the firſt *Sunday* of opening the Church of St. *George*, *Hanover-Square*; after Conſecration. By ANDREW TREBECK, B. D. Rector of St. *George*, *Hanover Square.*

17. A ſelect Manual of divine Meditations and Prayers, ſuited to the moſt neceſſary and ſolemn Occaſions: and fitted for Morning and Evening Service for every Day in the Week. To which is added, a ſhort Office to be uſed before, at, and after receiving the *Holy Sacrament*: The Whole deſign'd to purify the Heart, and to kindle up the Fervor of Devotion in the Minds of all ſerious

Chriſtians. Being the laſt Work of the Reverend and Learned Mr. JOSHUA SMITH, late Miniſter of St. *Mary Aldermanbury*, and Lecturer of St. *Mary le Bow*. The Second Edition, Reviſed and Corrected by an Eminent Hand.

18. CATO MAJOR. A *Poem* upon the Model of TULLY's *Eſſay of Old Age*. In Four Books. By SAMUEL CATHERAL, M. A. Fellow of *Oriel* College in *Oxford*, and Prebendary of *Wells*. Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

19. The *Apprentice's Vade Mecum*, or *Young Man's Pocket Companion*, in Three Parts. Part 1. Containing uſeful Comments and Obſervations on the Covenants entred into between Maſter and Servant, by way of Indenture; wherein that wiſe Obligation is conſider'd, Article by Article. With ſome occaſional Remarks on Play-houſes; and particularly on One lately erected. Part 2. Containing general Rules and Directions for a young Man's Behaviour in his Apprenticeſhip: Familiarly addreſs'd to the Youth himſelf. Part 3. Some brief Cautions to a young Man againſt the Scepticiſm and Infidelity of the preſent Age, which enſnare the Minds, and debauch the Morals of the Youth of this Kingdom. Wherein the Eſſential Principles of Chriſtianity are laid down and vindicated in ſo intelligent and forcible Manner, as may ſerve for a Preſervative againſt the contagious Infidelity of the preſent Age, and enable a young Man to give a Reaſon for his Faith. Addreſs'd o the Right Worſhipful the Chamberlain of *London*.

London. The Whole calculated for the mutual Eaſe and Benefit both of Maſter and Servant, and recommended to the ſerious Conſideration of all Parents, *&c.* who have Children that they deſign to put out Apprentice. Price 1 *s.*

20. An Experimental Hiſtory of *Road* Water in *Wiltſhire*, with a ſhort Mechanical Account of its Virtues, and of Chronical Diſtempers. In a Letter to the Reverend Dr. DERHAM, Canon of *Windſor*, F. R. S. By STEPHEN WILLIAMS, M. B.

21. The Thoughts of an Impartial Man upon the preſent Temper of the Nation. Offer'd to the Conſideration of the Freeholders of *Great Britain.*

22. Letter to a Member of Parliament with ſome few Remarks on the Act made for the better Regulation of *Attornies* and *Solicitors*, &c. Together with ſome Animadverſions on the Grievances the Subjects of *England*, eſpecially the Poor, labour under, with regard to the great Fees paid by them when proſecuting for their Debts and Dues. And a Method humbly propoſed, how the Poor may have the Benefit of the Laws at a cheaper Rate. To which is annexed, a Table of Eccleſiaſtical Fees. By a Gentleman of *Wilts.*

23. Wholſome Severities, or the Compaſſion of *Popery* diſplay'd. Containing a brief Deſcription of the moſt inhuman and barbarous Meaſures made Uſe of by the Prieſts of the *Romiſh* Church, in the Tribunal of the holy Inquiſition, to bring

Pro-

Proteſtants into the Way of Life, and into a true State of Salvation. Humbly recommended to the Reverend the Paſtors of the Church of *England*. By One of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace.

24. *God a good Man's preſent Help and Comfort under his greateſt Trouble and Diſtreſs, and finally his Portion for ever.* Being the Subject of a Sermon preach'd upon the lamented Death and Funeral of the Reverend Mr. BARTHOLOMEW DEEKE, late Rector of *Timsbury*, in the County of *Somerſet*, on Sunday *Jan.* 30, 1731-2.

25. A Sermon explaining and vindicating the Miracle of *Jeſus Chriſt*, in Raiſing from Death to Life the Widow's Son of *Nain*. Preach'd at the Pariſh Church of *Camerton*, on *Sunday* the 9th of *September*, 1733; being the 16th after *Trinity*, when that Miracle was the Subject of the Goſpel for the Day.

Theſe two Sermons by Henry Brookes, M. A. *Chaplain to his Grace* JOHN *Duke of* Montague, *&c. and Rector of* Camerton *and* Hinton Blenet *in the County of* Somerſet.

26. *The Meaſure of Chriſtian Beneficence, and the Uſefulneſs and Neceſſity of Commiſſions of Charitable Uſes.* A SERMON preach'd in the Abby Church at *Bath*, *May* 18, 1735. before the Commiſſioners for Charitable Uſes for the County of *Somerſet*. By THOMAS BOWYER, M. A. Vicar of *Martock* in *Somerſetſhire*.

27. Ob-

27. Obſervations in Phyſic both Rational and Practical, with a Treatiſe of the *Small Pox*, by THOMAS APPESLEY, M. D. formerly Fellow of St. *John's* College, *Cambridge*.

28. The ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR: or, The ART of SPELLING Improved. Being a more plain, eaſy, and regular Method of Teaching Young Children, than any extant. In Two Parts. The Firſt, Containing *Monoſyllables*, expreſſing the moſt natural and eaſy Things to the Apprehenſions of Children; with common Words, and Scripture Proper Names, alphabetically ranged, with their proper Accent, and divided according to the Rules of Orthography. The Second, Being an *Inſtruction* more particularly deſign'd for Children of an higher Claſs; ſuch as have not only made ſome Advances in their Reading, but are capable of underſtanding and applying the Rules there given; and contains Obſervations on the Sound of Letters, with the Uſe of True Pointing, and other Things neceſſary for an *Engliſh* Scholar. To which is added, a Method of *Inſtruction* out of the Sacred Writings, and the Catechiſm of our Church. The Whole being intermixed with Variety of Exerciſes, in Proſe and Verſe, adapted to the Capacities of Children, and deſigned as well to inſtruct them in the Duties of Religion, as to render the initiatory Part of Education eaſy, profitable, and delightful. The Seventh Edition, with great Improvements, including the Supplement, being Precepts for Children, in

Imi-

Imitation of LILY's *Qui mihi.* By *Henry Dixon*, School-maſter in *Bath.*

29. The Argument with the *Diſſenters* about *Subſcriptions*, and the Repeal of the *Corporation* and *Teſt* Acts, briefly ſtated. In a Letter to a Friend.

30. An *Apology* for the *Clergy* of the Church of *England*, touching their Claims of *Spiritual Powers*, as derived from *Chriſt.* The ſecond Edition.

31. The *Church of England* vindicated from *Calumny*, and the true Views of *Diſſenters* in their Demands of the *Repeal* of the *Corporation* and *Teſt* Acts, laid open. Being *Remarks* upon the SERMONS of ſome *Diſſenting Teachers*, lately preach'd as Lectures againſt *Popery*, at *Salters-Hall.* With a *Poſtſcript* in Anſwer to the Objections of Dr. *Wright.*

32. A *Select* MANUAL *of Devotions for* SICK PERSONS, Intended for the Uſe of Families. But eſpecially of *Pariſh Miniſters.* To which is added, An OFFICE for *Malefactors* under Sentence of Death.

10 JU 68